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another part of its course. Within less than a mile of Ballyshannon a wall runs down to the water's edge, and prevents farther passage along the banks of the river. Here we turned off, and joining the road, reached the town for a late dinner.

Although the whole fall of the water from Beleck to Ballyshannon is said to be very considerable for so short a distance, yet it is not great in any part, but rather consists of a number of small falls at intervals; the water running with great rapidity through the whole course. The only falls, however, of any consequence, are the one at Beleck and the one at the Salmon leap, which we visited in the evening. As it was too late, however, to examine the fishery, we determined on returning to it again to-morrow, and retired to the inn, thus finishing our day's work. We have not determined in what direction we shall turn our course on leaving this. Sometimes we think of going back to Eunniskillen by the other side of the lake, which we are told is very beautiful, and sometimes we speak of returning to Belfast by Derry and the Giant's Causeway. My next will communicate our determination, and in the mean time

I remain, &c.

E—.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

COMMUNICATED BY WM. KNOX, AUTHOR OF "THE SONGS OF ISRAEL."

(Continued from page 309.)

The reader may give the following stories their proper interest, by conceiving the narrator of them walking with a companion, in a country burying-ground, upon a summer Sabbath afternoon.

III.

Yon straw-roofed cottage that so sweetly stands,
And down the vale a beauteous view commands
Of hill and meadow, water, wood and rock,
The brousing cattle, and the climbing flock,
Is still and tenantless!—At early day,
When now I take my solitary way,
To feast upon the beauties of the morn—
Its smoke no more upon the breeze is borne,
The hands that trimmed the cheerful fire are gone,
And all is silent on the cold hearth-stone.

One summer's day I passed that straw-roofed cot—
One heavenly day that cannot be forgot,
That, like the memory of a friend beloved,
Clings to the heart however far removed.
The matron sate beside her humble door,
And turned her wheel and conned her ditty o'er;
Around the green three lovely children ran,
In thoughtless joy—O happiest stage of man!—
While opposite upon the rivulet's side,
Where youths and maids their healthful labours plied,

The Church-yard.

The happy owner of this home of joy,
 Joined in their song, and shared in their employ.
 As on I wandered through the moorland hills,
 By the still lakes, and solitary rills,
 Oh! many a vision of domestic joys
 Rose on my spirit—yet a boding voice
 Whispered my parting bosom to resign
 Its fondest hopes—"They never shall be thine!"
 How sweet, methought, a home like this to own,
 Unmoved by all the tumults of the town,—
 Even as the lake, amid its inland plain,
 Feels not the storms that shake the troubled main!
 Say, who could think of all the fireside bliss—
 The clean hearthstone, the prattling infant's kiss,
 The mother's song—soft as a lover's sighs—
 Breath'd o'er the cradle where her baby lies—
 Say, who could think of these, and envy not,
 The humble tenant of the straw-roof'd cot?
 Three months had pass'd—the peasants home had borne
 From off the fields, their latest shocks of corn,
 Before I hail'd, upon my homeward way,
 The straw-roof'd cottage that I left so gay.
 How was it chang'd! Alas! 'tis sad to feel
 How earthly things depart! The matron's wheel,
 The hum of babes, the labourers' choral strain,
 I paus'd to hear—but listen'd all in vain.
 And, Oh! how chill was the November breeze,
 That shook the faded foliage from the trees,
 And strewed the green plot round the silent place,
 That bore of human feet no single trace!
 How was it chang'd! The happy wedded pair
 Had left this world—lo, they are buried there!
 And their unhappy offspring—mournful lot!
 Had been transplanted from their native spot,
 To weep; to pine; alas! perhaps, to die,
 Beneath a wordly friends' regardless eye.
 While—sight of sorrow to a feeling breast!
 Their dwelling stood, even like a plundered nest;
 An object to amuse the traveller's eye,
 And swell the bosom with a pitying sigh;
 A silent monitor, which, like the tomb,
 Recalls the frailty of our mortal doom.
 Oh! human bliss—a dream how quickly gone!
 Then he alone is happy—he alone
 Whose hopes are anchored on a safer shore,
 Where storms can rage, and clouds o'er cast no more.

IV.

See'st thou that maiden, with a frantic air,
 Who kneels and plucks, even with a childish care,
 The noxious weeds she suffers not to grow,
 O'er the dear ashes that repose below;
 For nought but flowers, the fairest of their race,
 Must ever blossom on that sacred place!
 Ah! her's a melancholy fate hath proved:—
 She lov'd—but who may tell how well she lov'd?
 She lov'd—but parents cruelly forbade
 Her hopes to rest, where she her choice had made;
 And keenly urged her—nay, would even command—
 Upon another to bestow her hand;
 Upon another, who, in truth, possest
 But few attractions for a female breast.
 Man may transplant, and that with little toil,
 The tender sapling from its parent soil;
 Man may contrive, with little art, to force
 The mountain streamlet from its native course:—
 But who can bid the loving heart transplace
 It's fond affections? Who, of human race,

Can bid that heart its cherish'd hopes forego,
 And find its joys in other channels flow?
 None! Love may be suppressed—the heart may break—
 But ne'er can change its object, or forsake.
 Once she appointed, at the midnight hour,
 To meet her favourite in the garden bow'r.
 He came—and long upon the mossy seat
 Reclin'd, and listen'd for her coming feet.
 Ah! long he sat in expectation vain,
 While troublous fancies agonized his brain:—
 "What if her heart be chang'd—and I—forlorn—
 "Am left the object of her sport or scorn!
 "What if this very moment she be prest,
 "In tender folds upon my rival's breast!"
 But still he chas'd these painful thoughts away,
 To find a reason for the maiden's stay:
 "No—I am confident that cannot be;
 "She must be watched, else she would come to me."—
 Yes! she was watched with most assiduous care;
 And, he was right, his rival too was there;
 But ne'er received one look that could impart
 One ray of hope to his rejected heart.
 Long, long, the lover in the bower remained,
 Nor felt the tempest, for his heart was pain'd;
 Till in the east the star of morning rose,
 When up he started—both his limbs were froze—
 His body drench'd—and, shivering in the gale,
 With feeble step, he hied him down the dale;
 He reach'd his cottage: flung him on his bed;
 And, ere a week had circled, he was dead.
 The dreadful tale derang'd the maiden's head,
 And, in her frenzy, from her friends she fled;
 She never call'd at any human home,
 But chose the forests and the wilds to roam;
 And then unnoticed, like the birds of air,
 From bush and brake she pluck'd her scanty fare,
 And slept at night beneath the greenwood shade,
 Without a covering but her silken plaid.
 Strange fancies enter the bewilder'd head—
 At times she thought her lover was not dead;
 And there she ventur'd from her wild retreat,
 To ask at any travellers she could meet—
 If they had seen her lover pass that way;
 If they could tell her where the youth might stray?
 Some peasant led her to *his* church-yard stone;
 She read *his* name, and, with a fearful groan,
 Swift as an arrow, from the mournful scene,
 Again she darted to her woodlands green.
 At last her parents found her, and convey'd
 Back to their dwelling, the delirious maid.
 Long years had circled, ere her weary breast
 From such a tempest found release and rest.
 The tempest ended, but it left behind
 A desolate waste—a hopeless, joyless mind;
 A wintry scene, bereft of every bloom;
 A day of stillness, but a day of gloom.
 Oh! many a mournful visit hath she paid
 To that dark dwelling where her hopes are laid.
 And there she sits, as 'tis her wont to do,
 And dress his grave with flowers of every hue,
 And swear, that never living man shall gain,
 The heart that lov'd but once, and lov'd in vain.
 Yes, she is sad! and may her parents blame,
 In spite, perhaps, of every tender claim.
 Man cannot judge—to God it doth belong,
 To say the parent, or the child, was wrong:
 Man only sees the surfaces of things—
 But God can search into the secret springs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)